MY AUNT LUCY'S GIFT.

Embellished with Coloured Engravings.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

THE ROSE.

"How lovely was this rose, mamma!
Why does it droop its head,
And all its pink and pretty leaves,
In such profusion shed?"

"Because you've pluck'd it from the tree
On which it used to thrive."
"Oh! I will put it back again,
And then it will revive.

"No—now 'tis severed from the root,
In vain is shower or sun;
Oh, let this warn you, how you do
What cannot be undone."

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Nathaniel Revel Taylor's. Book-1839

GOOD HUMOUR.

Good humour is the greatest charm
That children can possess;
It makes them happy, and what's more,
It gives them power to bless.

A cheerful voice, and smiling eyes,
By every one are lov'd;
While sulky looks, and sullen tones,
By all are disapproved.

However poor, however plain,
On this you may depend,
The kind good-humoured, and the good,
Will never want a friend.

THE FISHERMAN.

Serene was the morn when the fisherman went,
In his trim little boat out to sea;
His bosom was happy with hope and content,
As the breast of the good man must be.

He cast out his nets, and the fish he soon won,
And came cheerfully home before night;
He hung up his nets to be dried in the sun,
When it rose in the morn with fresh light.

We went to his cot, where his supper was spread,
Rejoiced from his labors to rest;
Thanked God for his blessing—retired to bed,
With pleasure and peace in his breast.

THE GREEDY CHIID.

How shocking is a greedy child!
And Emily is such;
She is so selfish, that she thinks
She cannot have too much.

And though she has a pretty doll,
With eyes so bright and blue,
She will not be content with that,
But wants her sister's too.

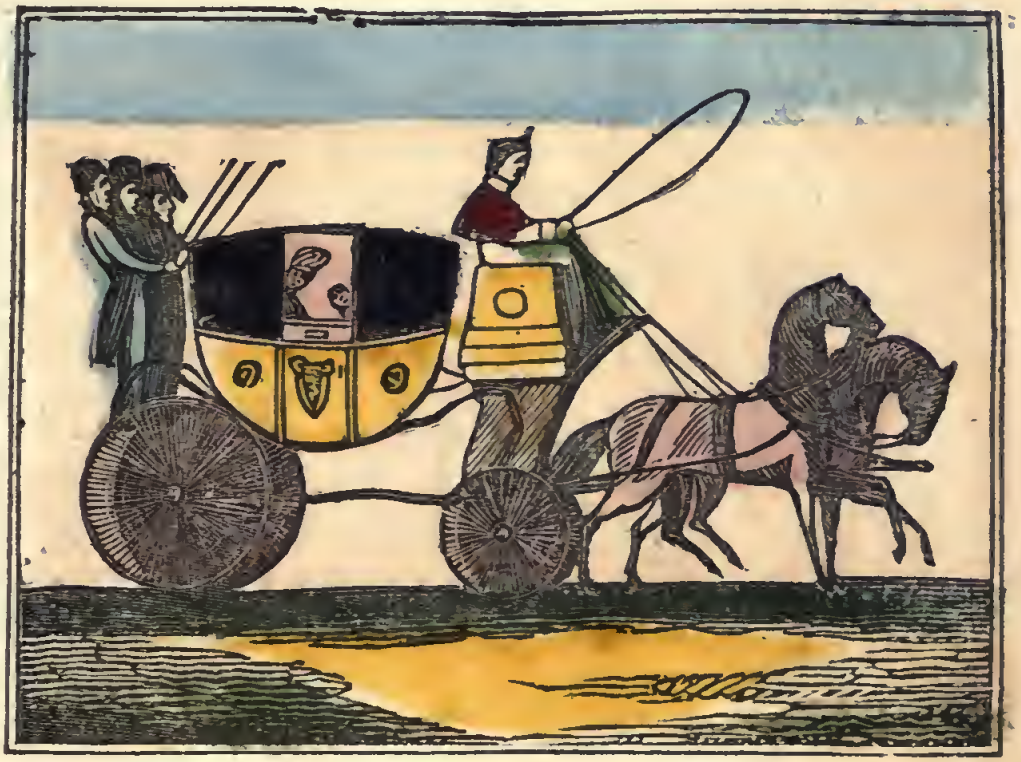
Mamma will soon be coming out,
To see what Emily's about;
And when she hears, I dare to say,
She'll scold, and take her doll away.

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED.

Mamma was quite ready to go out, one day,
And finding that Tommy was out and at play,
She sent Betty to bid him come home;
But Tommy was naughty, and was not inclin'd
The message mamma had sent him to mind,
And refused, very rudely, to come.

Now see what he lost! for mamma took the rest
Of his brothers and sisters, all prettily drest,
And gave each a sweet cake and nice toy.
When Tommy return'd, and the story he heard,
He begged mamma's pardon, and gave her his word
In future to be a good boy.

THE CARRIAGE.



The carriage and horses you so much admire,
With those footmen so gay in their gaudy attire,
  Are the bright fruits of industry due;
The person who calls that fine carriage his own,
And the horses o'er which the fine harness is thrown,
  Was a very small boy, once, like you.

He learned all his lessons with patience and care,
Spoke so kind and politely, that, everywhere,
  As the very good boy he was known;
And he's been so industrious since, you observe,
He has met the reward all good people deserve,
  And now rides in a coach of his own.

THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

Harry is the best of boys,
He does not waste his time on toys,
  As idle dunces do;
But he has nicely learn'd to spell,
And reads his book distinct and well,
  And soon he'll write well too.

And Harry is a happy boy,
His bright eyes always beam with joy;
  Shall I the reason tell?
Because he does as he is told,
And never need his mother scold,
  As he behaves so well.

GOING TO BED.

"And so you will not go to bed,
You naughty girl?" her mother said
To Fanny, who was crying:
"You see how quickly Charles and John,
And baby, too, to bed have gone,
Without this sobbing, sighing.

Come, kiss mamma, and go up stairs,
And dry your eyes, and say your prayers,
And don't make all this riot."
Then little Fanny kissed mamma,
And bade good night to her papa,
And went to bed quite quiet.

Coloured Toys.

The following are already published, and there are others in press:—

My Father.
My Mother.
My Brother.
My Sister.
My Aunt Lucy's Gift.
My Cousin.
Honest Tommy.
Gallery of Birds.
Gallery of Beasts.
Child's Play Book.
The Babes in the Woods.
The House that Jack Built.